



The Bellisle March.

A new Song

Sung in the Public Gardens.

Mr. LOWE.

ALL hail to the King,
That in youth's early spring
Such a promise of glory displays;
May his race still extend,
Freedom's cause to defend,
And the fame of Old England to raise.
May our Edwards of old,
And our Harrys so bold,
In his issue again and again be renew'd;
That our sons on the main
May their empires maintain,
And commerce in safety pursu'd.

Miss CATTLEY.

With many a scar,
Behold from the war
The brave legion of Britain advance;
From Minden they came,
Swell the fife beat the drum.
From Minden the terror of France;
See the hardy crew,
As they pass in review,
How they smile on the Kings royal train,
When these their looks say
Call us forth we'll obey,
And, we'll fight all the battles again and again.

Mr. PUBLIUS.

From the East to the West,
British valour con(ess,
Stands first on the records of Fame;
Let Williamsdorf's plain,
And the borders of Spain,
British faith, British courage proclaim.
From the dangerous sword
Of oppression restor'd,
Fair freedom again shall display,
In safety her wings,
For protection while Kings
Grateful homage to Britain shall pray.

Miss SMITH.

The scats that were done,
By Philips mad son,
Were but trifles to glories like these;
For ambition he fought,
And the lust only fought,
Of his blood-thirsty rage to appease;
But Britains more brave,
Draw the sword but to save,
From such tyrants the rights of mankind.
And the weapon again,
When their end they obtain,
Is in peace to the scabboard consign'd.

Mr. LOWE.

A full flowing glass
Now to GRANBY we'll pass,
And to each valiant leader beside;
Nor forget the brave cerw,
That with hearts firm and true,
For their country all danger defy'd;
Let the drum beat a charge,
And the nation at large,
Rend the wide vaulted sky with their song;
Till eccho the sound,
From her grotto rebound
And the loud gratulation prolong.